

*Bap.* How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

*Hor.* For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

*Hor.* I thinke she'll sooner proue a souldier, Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

*Bap.* Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

*Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)

Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:

And with that word she stroke me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,

While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,

And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vild teannes,

As had she studied to misse me so.

*Pet.* Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,

I loue her tentimes more then ere I did,

Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

*Bap.* Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,

She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes:

Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,

Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

*Exit. Maist Petruchio.*

*Pet.* I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes,

Say that the raine, why then Ile tell her plaine,

She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:

Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere

As morning Roses newly washt with dew:

Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,

Then Ile commend her volubility,

And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:

If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day

When I shall aske the banes, and when be married,

But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake,

*Enter Katherine.*

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.

*Kate.* Well haue you heard, but something hard of

hearing:

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me.

*Pet.* You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,

And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,

*Kate* of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,

For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,

Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounde,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kate.* Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you

hether

Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first

You were a mouable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a mouable?

*Kat.* A ioynd stoole.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

*Kate.* Affes are made to beare, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to beare, and so are you.

*Kate.* No such Iade as you, if me you meane.

*Pet.* Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,

For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

*Kate.* Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,

And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

*Pet.* Shold be, should: buzze.

*Kate.* Well tane, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzzard take thee?

*Kat.* I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too

angrie.

*Kate.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then to plucke it out.

*Kate.* I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare

his sting? In his taile.

*Kate.* In his tongue?

*Pet.* Whose tongue.

*Kate.* Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

*Pet.* What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

*Kate.* That Ile trie.

*Pet.* I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

*Kate.* So may you loose your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

*Pet.* A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

*Kate.* What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

*Pet.* A comblese Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

*Kate.* No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crowen.

*Pet.* Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so

lowre.

*Kate.* It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

*Pet.* Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not

lowre.

*Kate.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then shew it me.

*Kate.* Had I a glasse, I would.

*Pet.* What, you meane my face.

*Kate.* Well aym'd of such a yong one.

*Pet.* Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

*Kate.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares,

*Kate.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay heere you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

*Kate.* I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, game some, passing courteous,

But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a scone,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?

Oh slanderous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

*Kate.* Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

*Kate.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother wit.

*Kate.* A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kat.* Yes, keepe you warme.

*Pet.* Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,

And will you, will you; I will marry you.

Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio.*

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,

And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*

Conformable as other household *Kates*:

Heere comes your father, neuer make denial,

I must and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?)

*Bap.* Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my

*Pet.* How but well sir: how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?)

*Bap.* Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your

*Kat.* Call you me daughter? now I promise you

You haue shew'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,

That thinks with oathes to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world

That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:

If she be curst, it is for pollicie,

For shee's not froward, but modest as the Dowe,

Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,

For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*,

And *Romane Lucrece* for her chastitie:

And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,

That vpon sonday is the wedding day.

*Kate.* Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.)

*Gre.* Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd

*Tran.* Is this your speed? nay the goodnight our part.

*Pet.* Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

Itell you 'tis incredible to beleue

How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,

Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse

Shee v'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twinke shee won me to her loue.

Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see

How tame when men and women are alone,

A meacooke wretch can make the curstest shrew:

Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*

To buy apparell gainst the wedding day;

Provide the feast father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say, but giue me your hands,

God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

*Gre. Tran.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu;

I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,

We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,

And let your father ma

And kisse me *Kate*, we

*Gre.* Was euer mar

*Bap.* Faith Gentl

And venture madly on

*Tran.* 'Twas a com

'Twill bring you gain

*Bap.* The gaine I

*Gre.* No doubt bu

But now *Baptista*, to y

Now is the day we lo

I am your neighbour,

*Tran.* And I am on

Then words can win

*Gre.* Yongling the

*Tran.* Gray-beard t

*Gre.* But thine do

Skipper stand backe,

*Tran.* But youth in

*Bap.* Content you g

'Tis deeds must win th

That can assure my da

Shall haue my *Biancas*

Say signior *Gremio*, w

*Gre.* First, as you k

Is richly furnished wi

Basons and ewers to k

My hangings all of r

In luory cofers I haue

In Cyprus chests my a

Costly apparell, tents

Fine Linnen, Turkey co

Vallens of *Venice* gol

Pewter and brasse, and

To house or house-ke

I haue a hundred mil

Six-score fat Oxen sta

And all things answer

My selfe am strooke in

And if I die to morrow

If whil'ft I liue she wi

*Tran.* That only ca

I am my fathers heyre

If I may haue your da

He leaue her houses th

Within rich *Pisa* wall

Old Signior *Gremio* h

Besides, two thousand

Of fruitfull land, all w

What haue I pinch't y

*Gre.* Two thousan

My Land amounts no